

# Life

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.



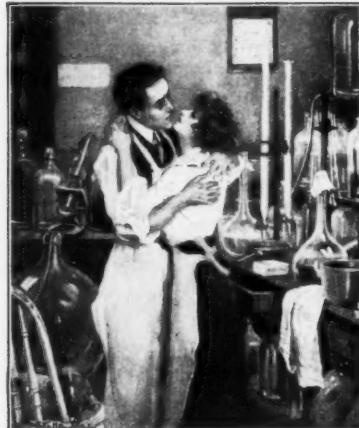
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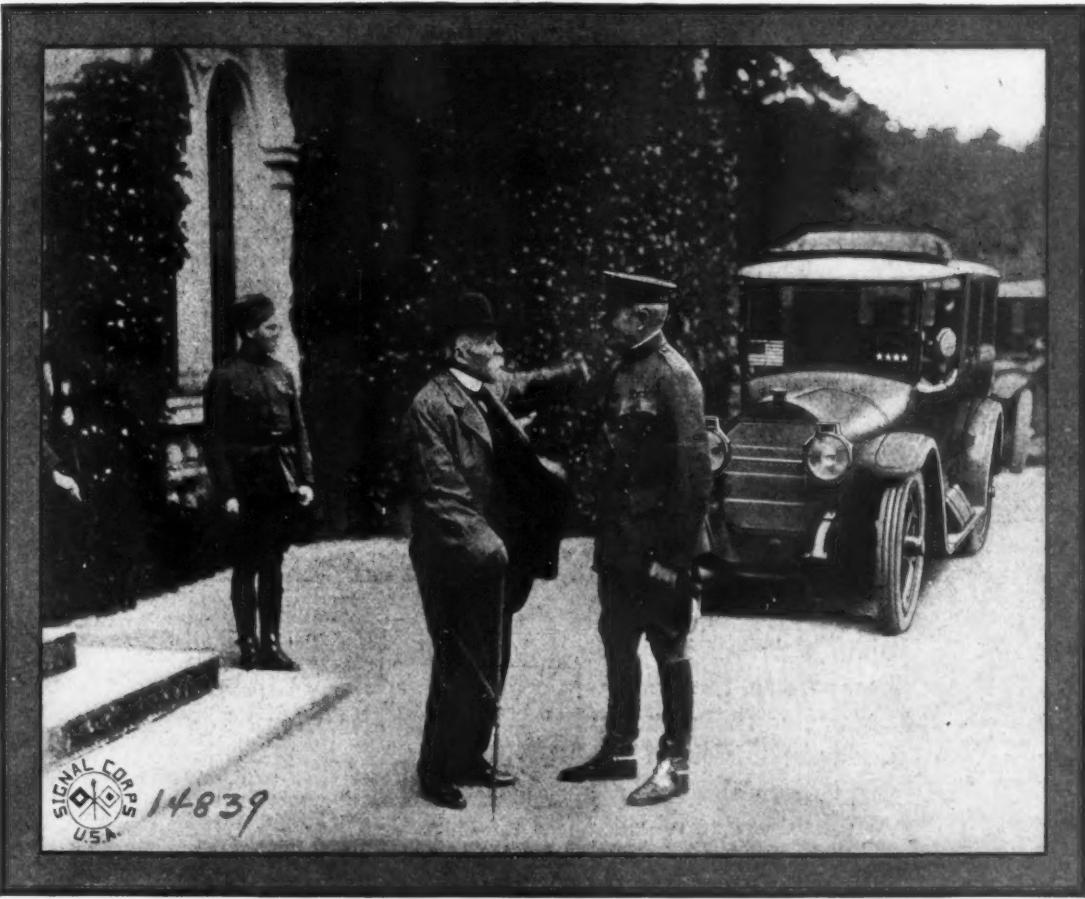
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SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT  
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Life Publishing Company  
17 West 31st Street New York



PREMIER CLEMENCEAU AND GENERAL PERSHING AT VERSAILLES, FRANCE

*From a hitherto unpublished photograph by the Signal Corps, U. S. A.*

*Copyright 1918 by the Committee on Public Information*



IN THE BACKGROUND IS GENERAL PERSHING'S AUTOMOBILE  
IDENTIFIED BY THE FOUR STARS ON THE WINDSHIELD

THIS IS ONE OF A NUMBER OF LIMOUSINES  
USED BY THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE ARMY AND BUILT BY  
THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA  
AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A SPECIAL LIMOUSINE OF THE SAME MAKE  
WAS PURCHASED AND SHIPPED TO FRANCE FOR THE USE  
OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES  
DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE



1861

1918

### *The Spirit of Lincoln Still Lives*

Will America be true to the world trust imposed upon her? Will she be duly humble, and realize that her part in the war, while important, did not impose upon her the great sacrifices of glorious France and undaunted Britain? It will be LIFE's duty, during the coming year, to reveal the spirit of the real America to the world. To all our friends who have read us in the past with charity, with sympathy and with true comradeship, we offer the renewed assurances of our distinguished consideration.

### *The Best Way to Invest Some of Your Christmas Money*

is to enter a year's subscription to LIFE. Whether for yourself or some soldier or sailor, it is money well spent. The Army of Occupation overseas will number half a million men, and every man likes LIFE.

To American Expeditionary Force men, \$5 a year, if no local foreign address be given.

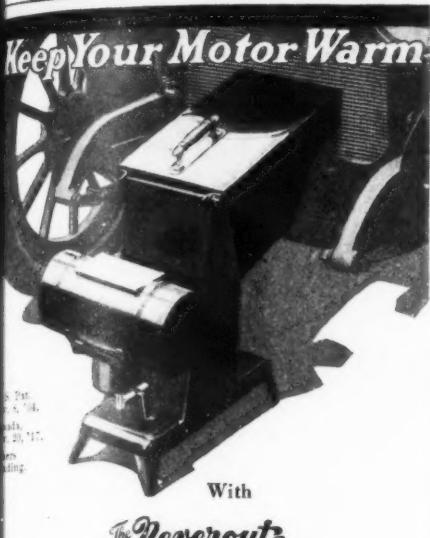
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events cracked radiators and water jackets, assists lubrication, ring wear on motor; and makes starting easy. Light and portable—fits any car. Burns kerosene 36 hours with one filling; capacity, 1½ gallons. Sealed like a miner's safety lamp—has been approved by leading fire insurance companies.

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Solve the Cold Garage Problem

# FOWNES

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Made for every Military and Civilian need. Leather, fur, silk, fabric.

At the Principal Shops.

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**Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura**

All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

**The Line-Up for Liberty**  
U. S. SAVED LIBERTY, SAYS LLOYD GEORGE  
—Headline in the Sun.

**A**LSO France saved Liberty. Also the British navy saved Liberty.

Also the British army did it. Also Belgium saved it. Also Italy finally saved a large chunk of it.

Also Russia saved it at immense cost at the very start and before she went to pot.

If the salvage is going to be divided there are a lot of good claims. All above named are good, and there are more. The marvel is that Liberty took so much saving; that, with all those others on the job, these States finally had to come in, and were not only needed but indispensable.

The intention seemed to be that Liberty should not be saved until all the free, western nations were united, and the League of Nations practically compelled.

### Last Pangs of a Sufferer

THE papers say that Mr. McAdoo's salary as Secretary of the Treasury will stop on December 16th, but that he will drudge along two weeks longer until New Year's, as Director of Railroads, without any pay at all.

And will Congress hand him out any relief?

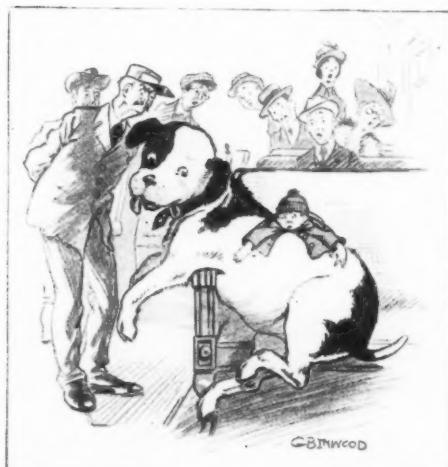
Doubtless not.

We should like to drop a penny in Mr. McAdoo's honorable hat.

He has done a lot of work!

**N**EWLYWED: Have you never thought seriously about marriage?

**S**INGLETON: Certainly not. No man ever thinks seriously about marriage until after it has happened.



AS IT SEEDED TO WILLIE WHEN HE TRIED TO SMUGGLE HIS NEW PUPPY PAST THE CONDUCTOR.



### Do You Know?

Do you know that over 90% of human illness has its origin in the intestinal canal?

How and why is explained in the following literature which represents the opinions of medical authorities the world over. Write today for your copy.

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**Nujol**  
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*For Constipation*

Please send me: *Mark X in the square opposite your choice*

- "The Days That Go Before"—constipation in pregnancy and nursing period.
- "As The Twig is Bent"—constipation in infancy and childhood.
- "Thirty Feet of Danger"—constipation and auto-intoxication in adults.
- "As Shadows Lengthen"—constipation in old age.
- "Wages of Neglect"—constipation as a cause of piles.

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**RAH! RAH! RAH!**  
'19

*sheeona*

Good Cheer  
for the  
New Year

**Evans'**  
NON-INTOXICATING  
**Ale**

Enjoyed by  
Everyone  
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No Government  
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**SOME BEVERAGE**  
C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1796 HUDSON, N. Y.



## When Your Heart's in Your Mouth-

**Then is when Tire Chains prove their Real value—they add so much to your brake power. Without them brakes would be useless.**

It's these *unexpected emergencies* that make a driver think quick and act like lightning. *When suddenly* the children dash out from the pavement and are almost under your wheels before you realize it—you instinctively jam down your foot-brake and *frantically grab the emergency*.

What if your brakes slipped and didn't hold? Wouldn't the consequences be awful? It's positively criminal for a driver of a motor car to overlook even the slightest safety precaution. *Unquestionably the most effective supplementary addition to brake power* when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery, is in the use of

### WEED TIRE CHAINS

Cars with *chainless tires* on wet-greasy-slippery pavements lack brake power to the same degree as they would if their brake linings were made of wet-greasy-slippery bands of rubber.

Wet rubber slips—never grips. It slides like a cake of soap on moistened hands. It lacks the bite and hang-on ability of chains. Good brakes and Weed Tire Chains are undoubtedly the *greatest factor in preventing motor accidents*.

*It's the height of folly to even attempt to drive without chains on all four tires when the roads are slippery and uncertain.*

**AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.**

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

**Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World**

The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes—from plumbers' safety chain to ships' anchor chain.



# L I F E



## *Of Peace*

THERE is a peace of righteousness that owns  
To every race its birthright to be free  
From base aggression, and the force of thrones  
That throttle liberty.

There is a peace of tyranny that brands  
The brows of those who bend beneath the stroke  
Of Might, that bows the stricken conquered lands  
With its imperious yoke.

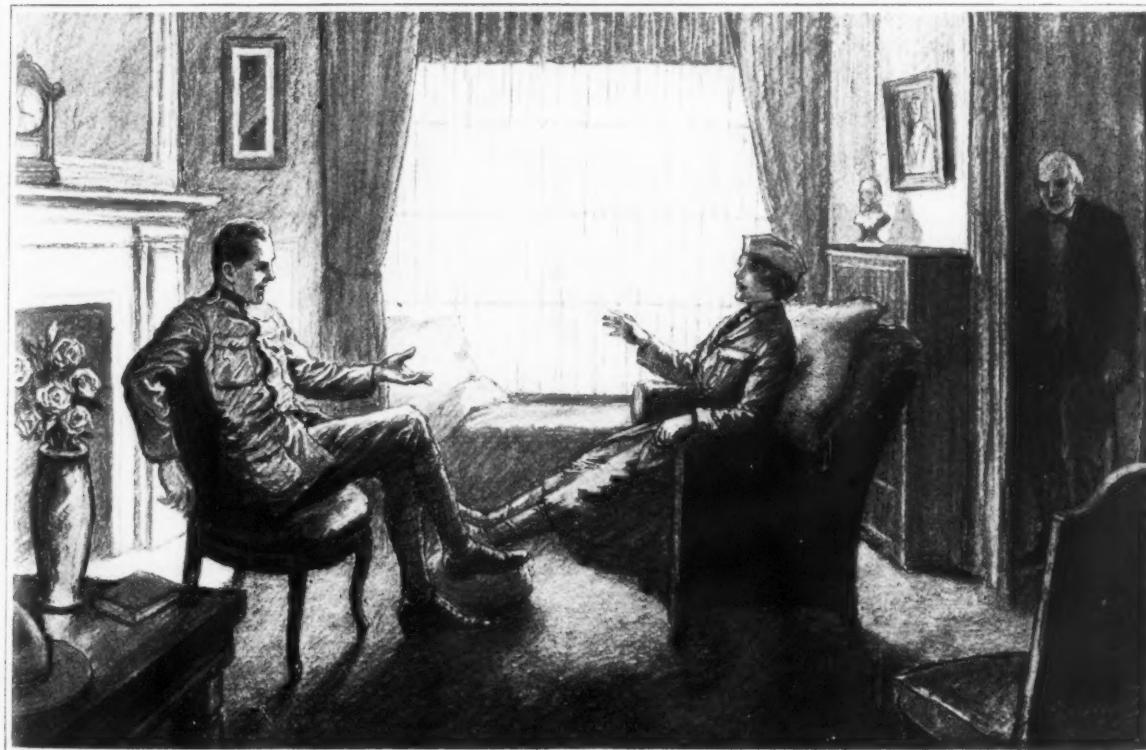
Now the stern day of reckoning has come,  
And the ensanguined carnival's surcease;  
After the conflict's mad delirium  
Be ours the righteous peace!

*Clinton Scollard.*

## Wrong Diagnosis

DOCTOR: The trouble with you seems to be that you eat too much.

PATIENT: You must be mistaken, doctor. I dine at the fashionable resorts.



VETERANS

*From LIFE'S Special Peace Correspondent*

**P**ARIS—(Special Creel dispatch)—When I decided to leave the United States to shift for itself it was much against the wishes of my friends. I realized fully that the country would be without the benefit of my Washington daily gossip, and things might go to pot. But Europe has got to be straightened out once and for all.

The Peace delegates are all here. They were waiting for me when I arrived. I gave them a friendly little talk this morning on the urgent necessity of keeping quiet while I was trying to make things clear to them. They promised to be good. Clemenceau said to me:

"Monsieur, what would we do without you?" I told him not to worry. Foch and I are both fairly well in accord. He differed with me at first in a few details, but when he saw I wouldn't yield he gave in. Splendid, tractable chap, Foch.

George was nervous when we met, but that was natural. I put him at his ease almost at once by saying that even if the United States had won the war, we newspaper men weren't bragging about it. He thanked me.

There are several ways of dividing up Europe, but I haven't decided which

I like best. It will no doubt come to me in a day or so. My real plans must, of course, be kept in the dark. This idea of publishing the truth at the time it happens must be discouraged. Mum's the word.

Later.—I am glad to say that I have arranged the whole affair, and will return with the satisfaction of knowing that I have done my duty for the world at large, even if the stock market has suffered during my absence and Gompers has had to wait a couple of weeks or so before getting his customary raise in pay. Money isn't everything. When I announced my plan, which included the freedom of the sea for Great Britain and us—with certain inevitable conditions, such as Great Britain giving up all oil claims in Mexico, dividing Germany's fleet up with us, joint supervision of the colonial system, etc.—they all gathered around me and protested. They were decent about it, however. Lloyd George did, I believe, mutter something about Great Britain's fleet having stood between us and Germany, and how hell they had fought, and the sacrifices they had made, and how, possibly, we had been a trifle slow in coming in—but I must say for him that he tried to be good natured. They were

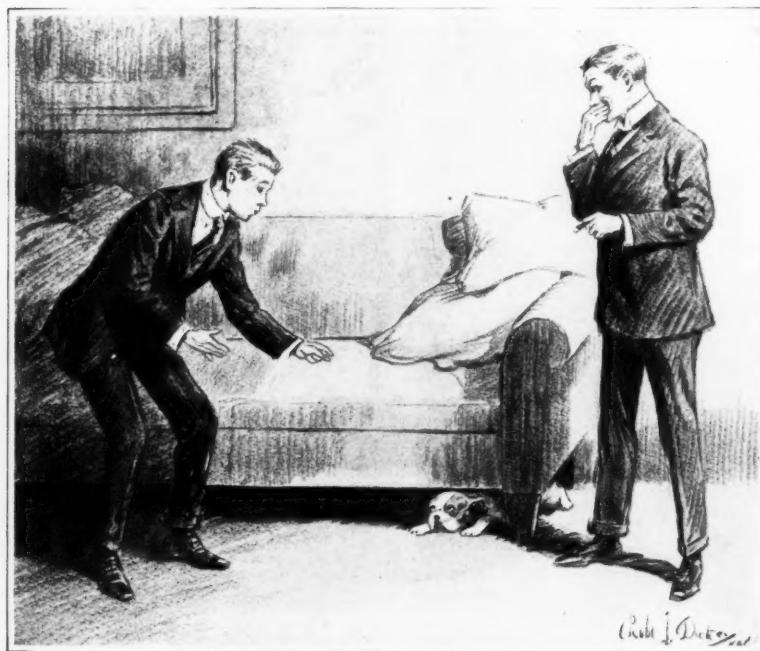


WORK, AND—

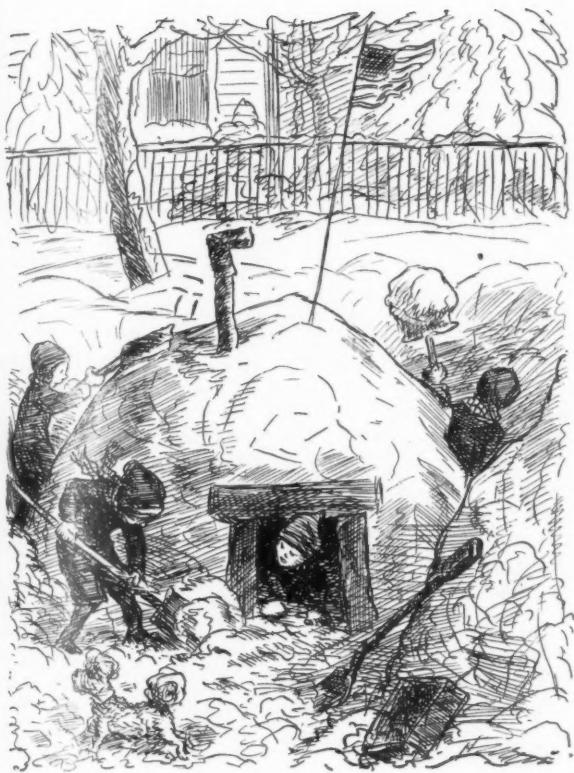
all really quite nervous about some of my terms. I listened calmly, of course. I saw that our national reputation for good manners must be sustained. One must have patience with those fine chaps, even if their ideals are slightly below mine. On the whole, I think I treated them pretty well, though I was obliged to remind them once or twice that there was a limit to all things. I will say this for them, that they were persistent. I could not but admire them for that. But when they saw I was firm there was, of course, nothing else to do but yield.

So it's all been arranged. Creel, always keenly alive to the needs of our home people, tells me that it wouldn't be advisable to let our voters know too much about what I have done. But I will say this: To a whisker the Bolsheviks will practically all be sent over to the States in Schwab's transports, to be kept under my journalistic eye. As for Europe in general, I will tell later—say, in a couple of years—of the general distribution of races, sects and clans. But for the present, as Creel advises, mum's the word!

J. BOUNDER BALLINGFORD.



THE DOG YOU'VE JUST BEEN BRAGGING ABOUT



PLAY

### It Will Seem Like the Millennium

WHEN the boys get back home.  
When all of them obtain work.  
When Germany is thoroughly reformed.  
When Russia comes to her senses.  
When the influenza is but a memory.  
When hot-headed trouble-brewers quit writing books and magazine articles on the Japanese peril.  
When William Hohenzollern has been properly dealt with.  
When our Liberty Bonds have all been paid for.  
When the paper shortage has been overcome.  
When the zone mailing system is abolished.  
When we can have all the sugar we want.  
When the magazines quit publishing war stories.  
When the word "camouflage" is dropped.  
When Teddy can find no fault with existing conditions.

### *The Jester*

COME back, you old court jester,  
With cap and bells of yore.  
Those rabid kings were sorry things  
For which to go to war!  
But since we have uncrowned them  
And sent them on their way,  
Spring from the gloom that shrouds your tomb,  
And teach us how to play!

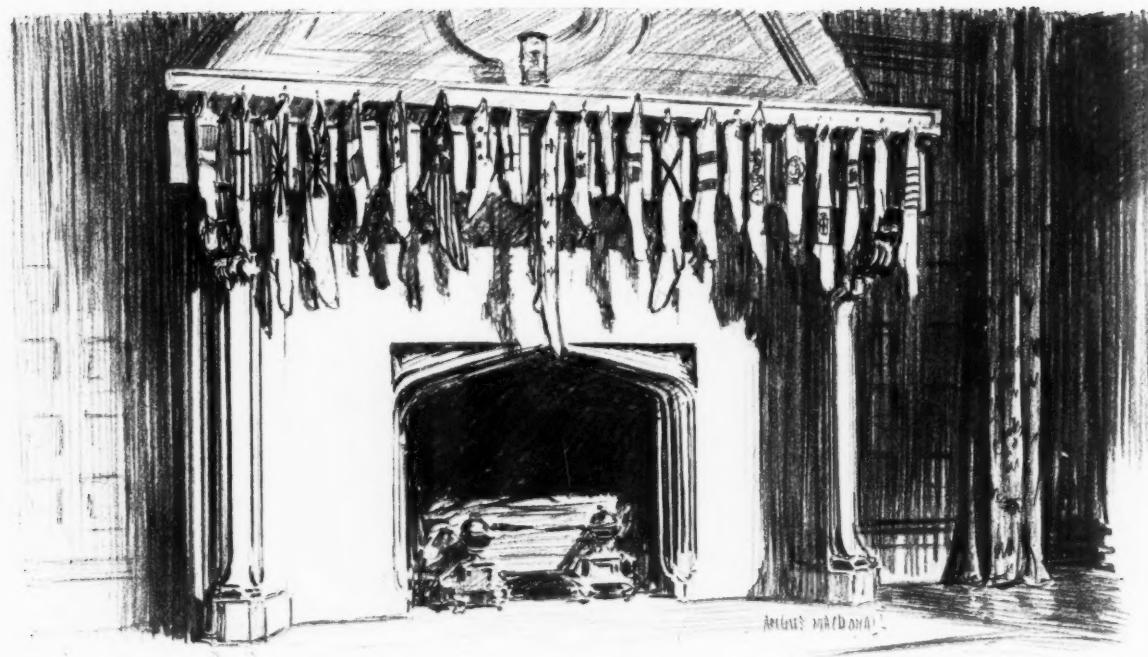
Set free your vials of laughter—  
Have done with sobs and sighs;  
The melancholy days have passed—  
The sun is in the skies.  
Take you the crown the king dropped down,  
And fit it to your brow—  
A reign of mirth will suit the earth  
Right merrily just now!

Come back, you old court jester,  
With all your merry mien.  
Revive Pierrot, and gaily show  
Fair Folly for your queen.  
Come, trip the light fantastic  
As blithely as of yore.  
The king is dead! So reign instead,  
And flout the gods of war!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.



"I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED. I WROTE JACK IN MY LAST LETTER TO FORGET THAT I HAD TOLD HIM I DIDN'T MEAN TO RECONSIDER MY DECISION NOT TO CHANGE MY MIND, AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD ME."



THE ALLIES' STOCKINGS

### *The Home-Made Home*

OH, the maids of France have witching ways!  
And they are good to see,  
And I've thought I'd ask Ninette to share  
A home, sweet home, with me.  
But—  
There is nothing quite so sweet in life,  
Whatever you may say,  
As a home-made home, made by a maid  
In good old U. S. A.

### *The White Man's Burden*

THE announcement that along with the yellow-fever bacteria a vaccine for it has been discovered, will be greeted by the usual burst of applause from our medical brethren.

Like the tabulations of the stars in the heavens, the process of getting vaccines for all the well known diseases is moving forward with great precision, a new disease, like a new star, being discovered now and then, to give variety to the performance.

To be properly inoculated against all diseases is becoming an occupation by itself. Will there be time for anything else?

### *Fixing the Responsibility*

"NOW, Willard, be a good boy, dear, and say your prayers," said mother, as his head dropped on her shoulder. "Thank God for all His goodness to you, Willard," and she shook him sternly, "you cannot go to bed until you have thanked God for,

His blessings; for giving you a nice, comfortable home and a mother, and father to love you. Just think of the many little boys to-night who are hungry, and have no home and no nice clothes to wear, and no mother—"

"Mother," said Willard, sleepily, "I think them's th' fellers that ort to do th' prayin'."



" HALLELUJAH!"



DROPPING THE PIRATE  
With acknowledgments to *Punch*



*Leader of Wolf Pack: NO, BROTHERS, THEY AREN'T FIT TO EAT. THEY BELONG TO A POISONOUS VARIETY CALLED BOLSHEVIKI*

### A Model "Home, Sweet Home" Program

(Guaranteed to evoke a spontaneous military outburst by the returned heroes)

By Our Office Pessimist

Overture—Russian National Air ..... Band Address of Welcome and presentation of keys of the city, with the admonition: "But behave yourselves, even if you are soldiers" ..... By Prof. I. Teer Parade from Railway Station to Auditorium, led by Congressman Sulk, who opposed the increased pay bill. Review of Troops by Major Slicker Shirke, whose father's political influence secured him a berth in the ordnance department.

Informal Reception at Auditorium with soldier-guests subjected to supercilious stares and condescendingly derogatory comments by the stay-at-homes, to be followed by seating of soldiers in gallery (prominent citizens having usurped all of the good seats).

March—Hail, the Conquering Heroes Come..... Young Ladies' Orchestra, the members of which never hesitated to break a date with the soldier-guests whenever officers were available.

Oration—"You have been good soldiers; let us hope (against hope) that you can become good citizens." .... Mayor Fussand Fethers (whose "pull" with a draft board kept his son at home).

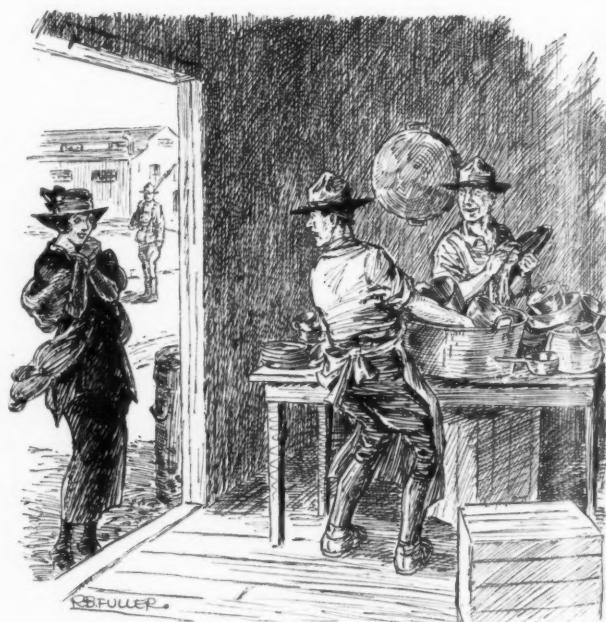
Benediction—By the Rev. Otto Haase (whose son, an unconscientious objector, is still doing time in the guardhouse).

THE Bolshevik rushes in where Liberty fears to tread.

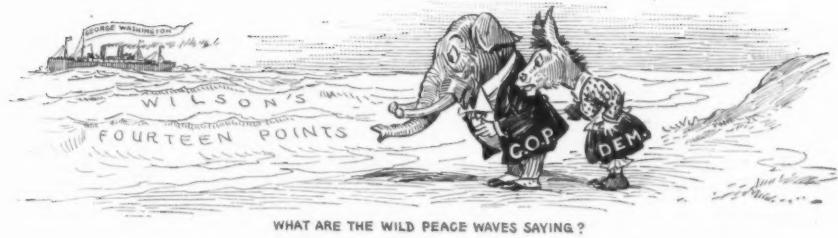
### Fate

FIRST GOTHAMITE (*despondently*): What's going to happen to us, old fellow, with New York absolutely dry?

SECOND GOTHAMITE: There's no help for it—we'll have to spend most of the time at home.



*His Wife: OH, JACK, ISN'T THAT FINE! YOU'LL BE A GREAT HELP TO ME AFTER THE WAR*



EVERY INCH A KING?



FOR THE BOYS "OVER THERE."



AIR SHIPS FOR NEW YORK COPS, NOW



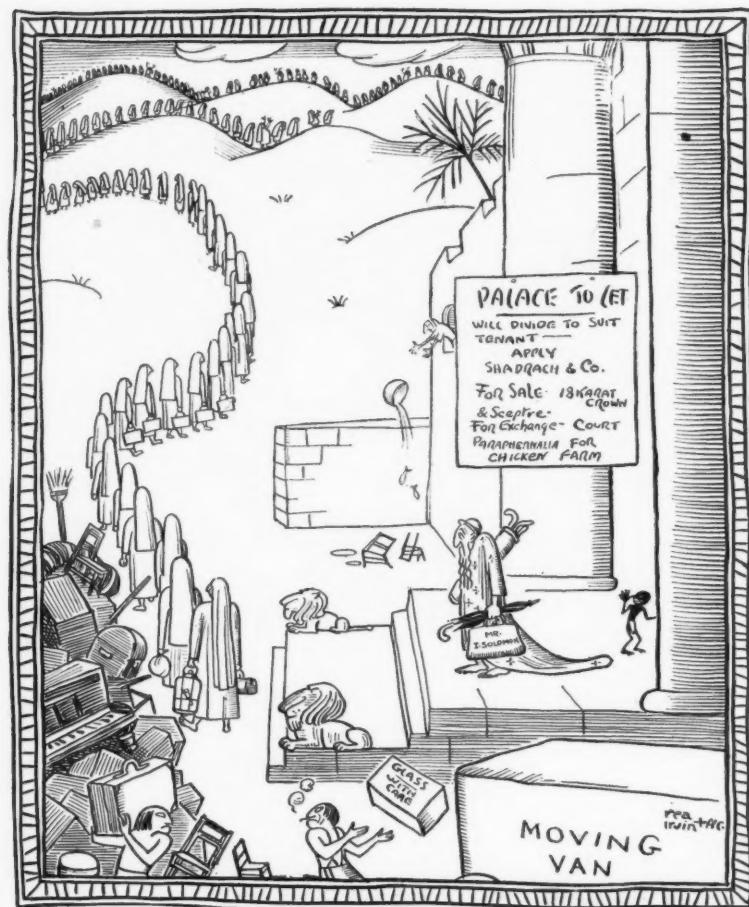
THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.



SECRETARY MCADOO DOESN'T MAKE ENOUGH MONEY.



THE CROWN PRINCE SAYS  
HE IS WILLING TO COME HOME AND WORK.



IF KING SOLOMON HAD DECIDED TO ABDICATE

### English and American Poets

WE often wonder how it is that so many English poets come over here to teach us something about Beauty, and so very few of our own shy and diffident singers go across to display their octaves to our friendly cousins. Is it because our terrible infant, Ezra Pound, has queered the game of American poets in England?

That, at least, is delicately hinted at by Mr. Robert Nichols, a young and accomplished English poet who has come over the water to help us get acquainted with his poems and those of other English poets. Which we are cordially happy to do. But we want to reproach Mr. Nichols a little, very gently, for assuming that because he knew nothing at all of our present American poets before landing here—bless us! he didn't even know about Vachel Lindsay, the roaring behemoth

of Illinois!—that we Americans are equally unfamiliar with the stirring stuff the young British singers have been pouring out.

Mr. Nichols will find, we think, that most intelligent American poetry lovers know the work of Rupert Brooke, Grenfell, Sorley, Sassoon, de la Mare, Munro, Squire, Miss Fox-Smith, Gibson, Flecker, Dunsany, James Stephens, Thomas, Graves, Ledwidge, Drinkwater, Abercrombie, Hodgson, Stella Benson, A. P. Herbert and many others, even including the Bath Porter. American publishers have never been deficient in enterprise and in affection for British authors.

We have a certain modest pride in some of our own poets. Perhaps when Mr. Nichols goes home he will help to introduce them to London publishers. It seems too bad that Mr. Pound should give all our singers a bad odor in England.

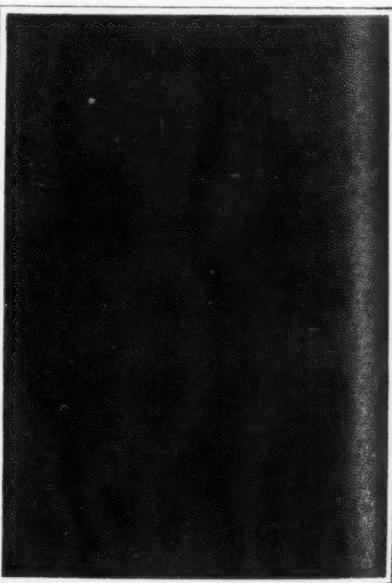
### The Biograph

WOODROW WILSON

LET Bremen, Dusseldorf and Pilsen Acclaim the Name of Woodrow Wilson,  
Who learned to legislate and rule  
In Freedom's Correspondence School!  
An Apotheosized Professor,  
He foils the Militant Aggressor,  
Disarming Force and Fraud and Guile  
By Feats of Literary Style.  
For Nice Exactitude compunctive,  
He cultivates the Deft Subjunctive,  
And trims his More Exalted Flights  
With "Ifs" and "Whethers,"  
"Shoulds" and "Mights."  
He holds a Justified Opinion  
Against allowing Strong Dominion  
To Stuart, Romanoff or Guelph,  
Or anyone except Himself.  
Yet mild he is, and few are wiser,  
And none more gracious. Why, the  
Kaiser  
Himself shall have, to cheer his Lot,  
A Note beginning, "May I not!"

Arthur Guiterman.

THE Reverend William Sunday is of the opinion that the ex-Kaiser should be permitted to drink nothing but Belgian tears. Would not a more adequate punishment be to compel the ex-Kaiser to memorize a number of Mr. Sunday's sermons?



THE HOHENZOLLERN OUTLOOK



WHY A CERTAIN LITTLE GIRL WAS DISAPPOINTED

### Another Problem

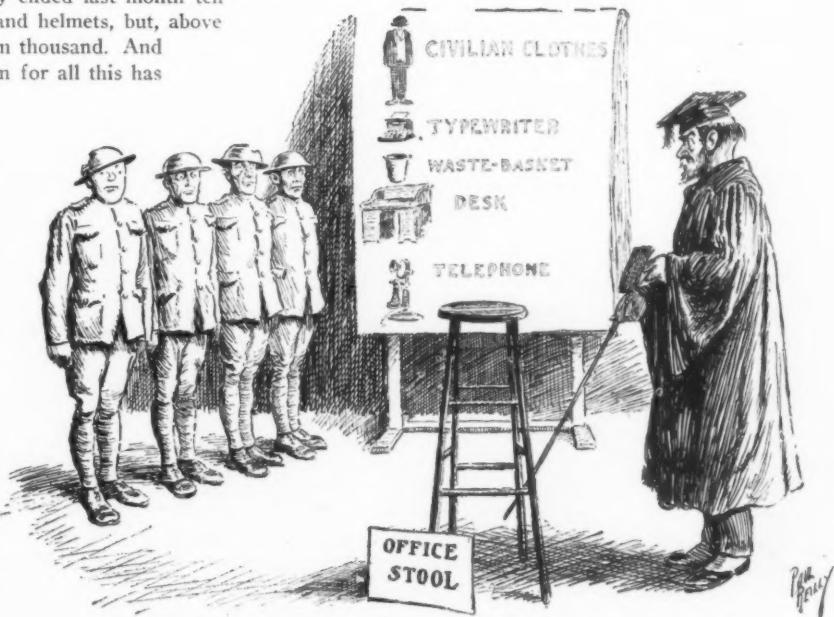
**I**N this country of ours, with its hundred million people, it is safe to assume that when the war suddenly ended last month ten million women were knitting. Sweaters and helmets, but, above all, socks, were being turned out by the ten thousand. And now the necessity as well as the inspiration for all this has ceased.

This leaves us with another reconstruction problem to face, another after-the-war matter to meet. Shall the women finish the socks that they have started, or shall they unravel what they have done and use the wool otherwise? If they do finish the socks, who will wear them? Not the soldiers, certainly; they have endured enough already, and now that the war is over they consider home-made socks to come under the category of unnecessary hardships.

What shall we do about it? Who will solve the problem of the unfinished sock?

### Practical Patriotism

**M**ADGE: Your lips are all blistered.  
**MARJORIE:** There are so many soldier boys to kiss, I've been giving until it hurts.



UNDRILLING THE ARMY FOR PEACE PURSUITS

DECEMBER 26  
1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 72  
No. 1887

PUBLISHED BY  
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this writing, is a statement on one of the back pages of the New York *Globe* of December 16th, to wit:

Wilson common has been steadily working up during the past few weeks, and even when the rest of the market showed a disposition to sag, the strongest kind of support has always been forthcoming.

This is a bit cryptic, but is susceptible of indicating that the *Globe* is beginning to see the light. Certainly Wilson common is rising on a rising market, and all the papers in their news columns recognize it, however they may grumble and backbite on their editorial pages.

The *Times*, which, though not a Republican paper, succumbed to the influences that opposed Mr. Wilson's departure, printed a dispatch from Mr. Grasty (dated December 15th), that disclosed his feeling, which, he said, was shared by everybody, that the effect of Mr. Wilson's appearance in Paris was nothing less than momentous. "Everybody feels," he said, "that something very big happened in Paris yesterday. The most optimistic dare to hope that it was the birth of a new world. All agree that it was not a mere spectacle, and that its significance is far-reaching."

It is unmistakable. Mr. Wilson's visit seems to have brought to the peoples and the peace-makers of Europe a new hope and new ardor comparable to what five months ago the coming of

American troops brought to the Allied war-makers. Where there were stories of prospective land grabbing in the old fashion, particularly in southeastern Europe, and consequent squabbles or worse, now there are intimations of the rising of a new spirit, insistent upon a real peace that will last. Many of the anxious on this side have thought of Mr. Wilson as a prospective trouble-maker, bent on bringing discord in European councils. We find him welcomed as the embodiment of American sympathy and good-will and as a powerful and much desired helper to agreement and just decisions.



WHY did ninety odd per cent. of the Republicans, and a considerable company of Democrats cut up so about his going? In the more polite circles of this town it was an event to find a single person who approved it. Was that because he had grieved the spirits of the Republicans faithful in the war by asking for a Democratic majority in the last election?

If so, it was a pity. And, of course, it was trying to have him go right on providing novelties of procedure, after losing the election, instead of sitting down in the apologetic attitude proper to a beaten man. All the same, the Republicans might as well come around and claim their share of what is going on. Those actually in the employ of the government—many men and good—have done so as a rule already. But more hang back, supporting, as the *Sun* does, which ought to know better, the forlorn Knox proposal to settle the

peace first, and consider the League of Nations idea afterwards.

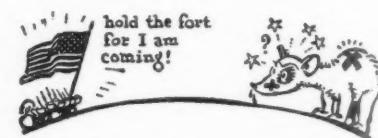
Of course, that would be folly. The time to smite the iron if you expect to shape it, is when it is hot. The way to beat the League of Nations idea is to lay it on the table and proceed to other business. If it is to come at all, it must come as the price of peace, and marvel though it will be, there is every prospect that it will so come.

And will Mr. Wilson's presence in Europe help to bring it?

What do you think?

Of course it will help enormously.

If you want a League of Nations, be glad he is in Paris. If you don't want one, be sorry.



THERE are advantages now of having Russia clean knocked out. There is no government there that can grab territory, no tradition left that requires Constantinople for its fulfillment, nobody that must be glutted with anything before final peace terms can be reached. It looks as though Russia would come to in time for her own good, and not too soon for the good of Europe. It may be that we have a considerable job there. The Russians seem to have confidence in our troops as forces that will get out after any errand of restoring order that they are sent on is accomplished. The Russians don't want to be conquered, but they may not mind being assisted if they have confidence in the assistance. And since it seems that they are going to need assistance mightily, and that millions of them are likely to starve unless they get it, our troops in Europe may have an errand there.

What the Senate would say to having a rescue corps of American troops sent to Russia, Heaven knows. But in for a penny, in for a pound. If they are sent they'll go, and if Congress gets discouraged and lonely a single medium-sized steamer could transport the whole body to France and set them down where something is going on.

That would be a wonderful education for Congress, wouldn't it! And of course Congress always needs education. It does not do in these times to be old-fogey, though for our part we



"OH, JOY! 'DER TAG'!"

have not yet felt the need of the airship mail that Mr. Burleson is playing with.



THE Jews, at this writing, have got four-fifths of their five-million dollar Jewish Relief Fund, and will get the rest, and will find good use for it all ten times over, but there is complaint that the agitating East Side Jewish papers have leaned too hard on Polish pogroms in the raising of it. If one goes to local sources of Polish information he gets denials of almost all the Polish pogrom stories and is told that they are German and Bolshevik propaganda. The Associated Press reports these pogrom stories. Its latest dispatch from Warsaw, dated December 15th, tells of several on the authority of "Noah Prilucki, a leader of the Jewish National party," who "had knowledge" of some, and had "it is stated" and "I am informed" authority for others. But an Amsterdam re-

port, dated the next day, said that Poland had severed relations with Germany because in occupied provinces the German authorities were acting contrary to Polish interests, and working with the Bolsheviks.

The Polish pogrom stories are disputed. Don't trust them until you know, which may be when a commission that is in the making, and is to have Americans on it, has investigated and reported.

But all that does not affect the fact that there are great numbers of war-harried and distressed Jews in Europe, whom the Jewish Relief Fund will help. Whether these Polish pogrom stories are true or not there are Jews enough in trouble and that need relief.



TROOPS come in, wounded and otherwise, by the thousand every day or two, and fill the papers with

lively headlines and with war stories.

There has been another Red Cross drive called a Roll Call, with a purpose to get about a hundred million new Red Cross members at a dollar apiece. It made a picture gallery again of Fifth Avenue, and again reminded citizens how hard it would have been to win the war without that open space in front of the Public Library.



"AS I WAS SAYING WHEN WAR WAS DECLARED—"

Copyright 1911 by Co.



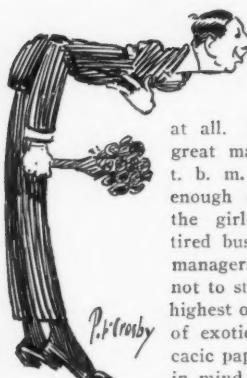
The S. Cutter

L E





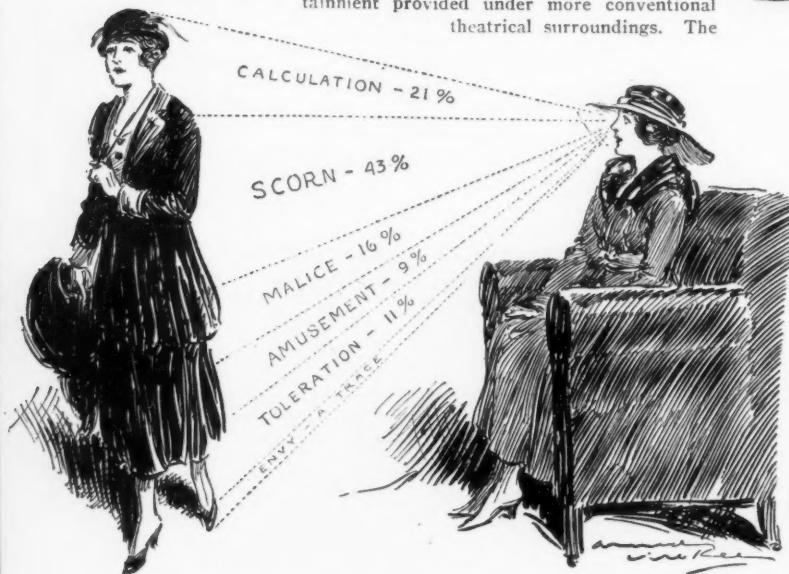
### One Man's Meat



ORTUNATELY for the theatrical business, we do not all think alike. If we did, the managers could never afford to give the high-browed minority a chance to go to the theatre at all. And if the high-brows were in the great majority the managers would see the t. b. m. dying off entirely through lack of enough of their only theatrical sustenance, the girl-and-music show. Theatrically the tired business men may be over-fed, but the managers are shrewd enough in their business not to starve any of us completely. Even the highest of high-brows get their occasional dole of exotic, esoteric, symbolic, poetic and ipecac pap. The theatrical reviewer must have in mind the tastes and appetites not only of these extremes among theatrical customers, but also the value of what is set before the large number of intermediate consumers to whom the managers purvey.



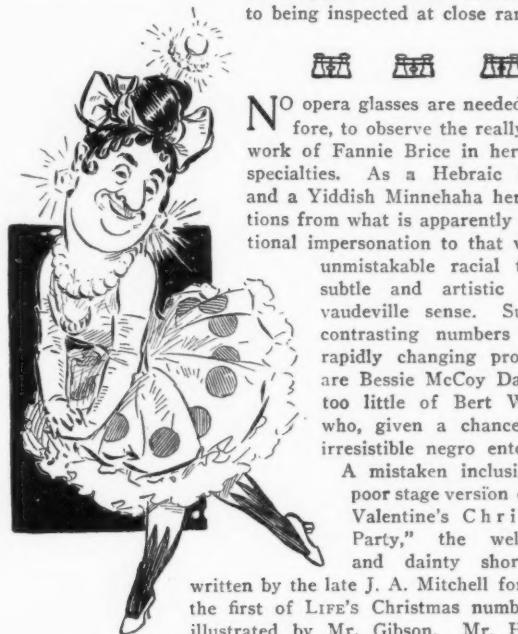
PERHAPS this gustatory mood is suggested by the combination of food, drink and performance provided nightly and midnightly by Mr. Flo Ziegfeld and called by him "Frolics," to distinguish this particular form from other, similar entertainment provided under more conventional theatrical surroundings. The



ANALYSIS OF THE GAZE BENT UPON ONE ATTRACTIVE WOMAN BY ANOTHER

apparent vogue of the Frolic which has endured for a couple of years is likely to be a mystery to anyone who judges by fixed standards. Why anyone should pay large sums of money to eat, drink and see a performance in the uncomfortable surroundings of an unusually crowded restaurant is beyond ordinary comprehension. Girls and music form the basis of the entertainment, but they are both to be enjoyed in much the same quality at many other places for smaller expenditure and in vastly greater comfort.

One possible explanation is that by founding the Frolic as a midnight entertainment Mr. Ziegfeld gave it an attraction of devilishness which lured the jaded element in New York that always looks hopefully for something devilish, no matter how stupid, and the out-of-towner who is always aspiring to see the wickedest side of New York. There is nothing particularly wicked about the entertainment, unless it lies in bringing the audience into closer than usual touch with the performers. Most of these are young and pleasing persons of the formerly gentler sex who are not averse to being inspected at close range.



**N**O opera glasses are needed, therefore, to observe the really clever work of Fannie Brice in her Jewish specialties. As a Hebraic vampire and a Yiddish Minnehaha her transitions from what is apparently conventional impersonation to that with the unmistakable racial tinge is subtle and artistic in the vaudeville sense. Supplying contrasting numbers in the rapidly changing programme are Bessie McCoy Davis and too little of Bert Williams, who, given a chance, is an irresistible negro entertainer.

A mistaken inclusion is a poor stage version of "Mr. Valentine's Christmas Party," the well-known and dainty short story

written by the late J. A. Mitchell for one of the first of LIFE'S Christmas numbers and illustrated by Mr. Gibson. Mr. Holbrook

Blinn's impersonation of the aged hero was in character, but to stage such a filmy bit of imagination at a roof theatre and make the appearance of the fanciful heroines a sort of costume parade for Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus-lady manikins seems in the nature of desecration to those who treasure the story as a delightful literary memory. Still, this is, after all, a small matter when one considers what the movies are doing daily and hourly to literary idols.

Going back to the question of theatrical appetite, there is no doubt that there is a very considerable patronage for Mr. Ziegfeld's Frolic, and that his patrons seem to enjoy both the material and aesthetic viands he sets before them.



**A**FTER a fortnight of theatrical drought due to the theatrical managers' dread of the competition of Christmas shopping and preparations, Christmas week will see a clash of new productions, some of which are bound to suffer—or escape suffering—through the scant

time and space the dramatic reviewers can give to each one of them. A glance at New York's hotels, crowded with shoppers and returning soldiers and their folks, together with a thought of the oceans of war money rolling free, ought to have dispelled the managerial tradition this year.



THE police having doctored "Tiger! Tiger!" and whitewashed his stripes, the beast is now officially guaranteed fit to move in the most exclusive Sunday-school circles. Before going on the road some other current successes might find it wise to secure a similar fumigation certificate.

*Metcalf.*



*Astor.*—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter. Notice  
*Belasco.*—"Tiger! Tiger!" by Edward Knoblock, with Frances Starr. In a reformed version, well played and well staged sexual drama of London bachelor life,

*Belmont.*—"Little Brother," by Messrs. Goldsmith and James. Powerful drama of the New York ghetto, admirably acted.

*Bijou.*—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. Comedy of the bachelor apartment from the French. Witty and well done.

*Booth.*—"Be Calm, Camilla," by Clare Kummer. Bright American comedy, well presented.

*Broadhurst.*—Last week of "Ladies First," by Messrs. Sloane and Smith, with Nora Bayes. Chiefly, the star at her best in a funny and musical setting.

*Casino.*—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Fairly tuneful and agreeable girl-and-music show.

*Central.*—"Somebody's Sweetheart," by Messrs. Price and Bafunno. Notice later.

*Cohan and Harris.*—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Absorbing spy drama, well acted.

*Comedy.*—"A Place in the Sun," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Highly interesting and well acted serio-comedy of English life.

*Cort.*—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfather and Eliot. The laughable drawings of the English artist made even more laughable in play form.

*Criterion.*—"Three Wise Fools," by Mr. Austin Strong. Three types of the New York bachelor made dramatic and diverting.

*Eltzinge.*—"Under Orders," by Mr. Bertie Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. Ingenious war plot well interpreted by a cast of two.

*Empire.*—"Dear Brutus," by Sir J. M. Barrie, with Mr. William Gillette. Notice later.

*Forty-fourth Street.*—"Miss Simplicity," by Young and Barrett. Girl-and-music show of the average entertaining qualities.

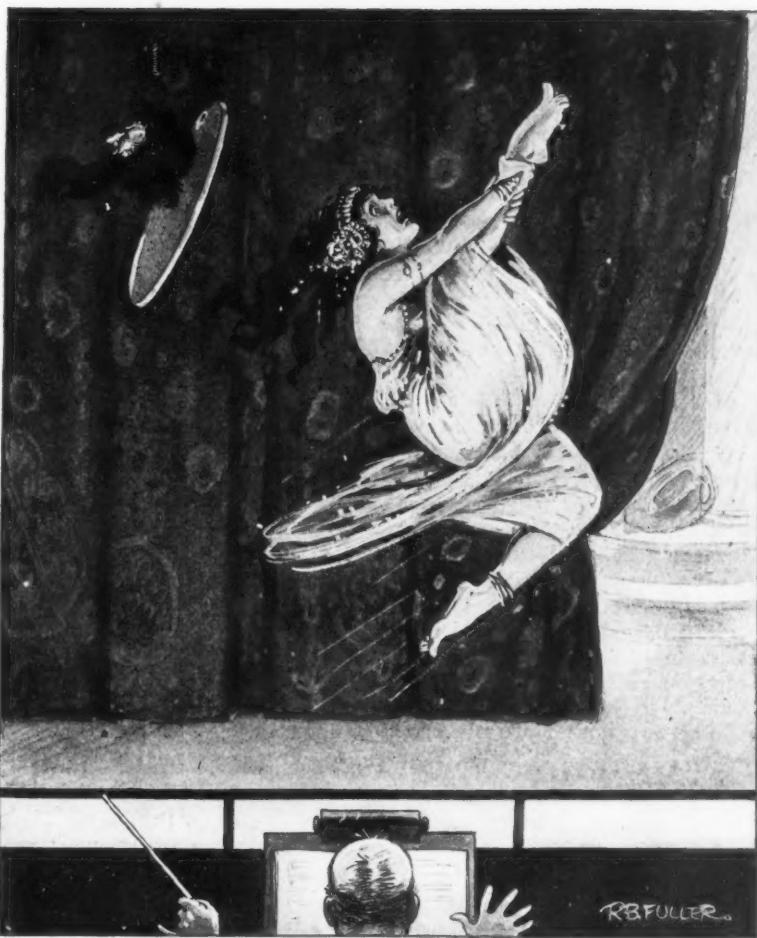
*Forty-eighth Street.*—"The Big Chance," by Messrs. Morris and Mack. The war as a maker of character exploited in interesting drama of New York life.

*French.*—Repertory of French plays by imported company. Interesting and educational to students of French.

*Fulton.*—"The Riddle: Woman," with Mme. Bertha Kalich. Interesting but exotic drama of blackmail from the Danish.

*Gaiety.*—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The divorce business of Reno made the background of an amusing and well played character comedy.

*Globe.*—"The Canary" with Julia Sanderson and Mr. Joseph Cawthorn. Girl-and-music show of the usual diverting kind.



THE BAREFOOT DANCER STEPS ON A TACK

*Harris.*—"The Invisible Foe," by Mr. Walter Hackett. Notice later

*Henry Miller's.*—"Back to Earth," by Mr. William Le Baron. Notice later.

*Hippodrome.*—"Everything," Spectacle, ballet and vaudeville on a big scale.

*Hudson.*—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. The American of German birth with his war-time dilemmas pathetically and amusingly shown.

*Little.*—"A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. Notice later.

*Longacre.*—"Nothing but Lies," with Mr. William Collier. A good company and amusing comedy providing a background for the star's fun-making abilities.

*Lyceum.*—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobble. The heart of the American bachelor exposed to the softening influences of the French war orphan in well played and well staged comedy.

*Lyric.*—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. An interesting drama in crime melodrama.

*Manhattan.*—Mr. Chauncey Olcott in "The Voice of McConnell" by Mr. George M. Cohan. Notice later.

*Marine Elliott's.*—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Witty American polite comedy, well done.

*Morosco.*—"Remnant," by Messrs. Nicodemus and Morton, with Florence Nash. The

star as a picturesque street waif in a drama of Parisian Bohemia.

*Park.*—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Gilbert and Sullivan well interpreted.

*Playhouse.*—"Home Again," derived from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Indiana rural life made diverting, picturesque and poetic.

*Plymouth.*—Tolstoi's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Russian drama of the usual gloom, but with excellent acting by the star as the degenerate hero.

*Princess.*—"Oh, My Dear," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Hirsch. Frivolous and fluffy girl-and-music show in pocket edition.

*Republic.*—Florence Reed in "Roads of Destiny." Novel exposition of the interesting possibilities of Fate's handiwork.

*Selwyn.*—"The Crowded Hour," by Messrs. Selwyn and Pollock, with Jane Cowl. Drama of the war with its episodes hanging on the love affair of a New York telephone girl.

*Shubert.*—"The Betrothal." Sequel to "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck. Beautifully staged poetic spectacle.

*Thirty-ninth Street.*—Closed.

*Vanderbilt.*—Emily Stevens in drama by Rita Wellman. Notice later.

*Winter Garden.*—"Sinbad." Brilliant girl-and-music treatment for what ails the t. b. m.

*Ziegfeld's Frolics.*—See above.

### Dont's for Employers

*(To be observed when the soldier resumes his former job)*

**D**ON'T drop dead if he comes down to work ahead of time. He acquired the early-rising habit in the army.

Don't think he is trying to curry favor by his manner of addressing you. To the soldier every officer is "sir," and you are his officer now.

If, when you speak his name suddenly, he straightens up like a ramrod, don't think you have detected him in wrong-doing.

Don't imagine that he is infatuated with the typist because he looks at her so frequently. It has been so long since he saw a real American girl.

His attempts at "straightening up" around the office should not be taken as an implication that you are slovenly. The army has taught him super-neatness.

Please don't become irritated if his ability to think faster than you do proves annoying. The army is to blame.

Do not dodge or prepare to ward off a blow if he makes a sudden movement with his arms. The odds are that he is absent-mindedly saluting.

And don't marvel because he has ceased to glance at the clock. Remember, he wears a wrist-watch now.

**T**HE ideal home is the place where the wife has her way, and the husband thinks he has his.



*Poor old Son: BE CAREFUL OF THAT SUITCASE, DAD;  
THERE'S A LOT OF BOMBS IN IT*



*WASHINGTON LANDLADY DEPOSITING HER WEEK'S RECEIPTS*

### Household Definitions

*As It Seemed Before the War*

**T**HE Man was an animal that worked and dined and smoked and occasionally spoke. The Woman was a bird that dressed and talked and on rare occasions was silent. The Boy was a savage that thumped and yelled and ripped things to pieces. The Girl was a witch that ate candy and danced and motored and called down her mother.

The Baby was a cherub that gurgled and howled and insisted on holding the steering-wheel in fee-simple.

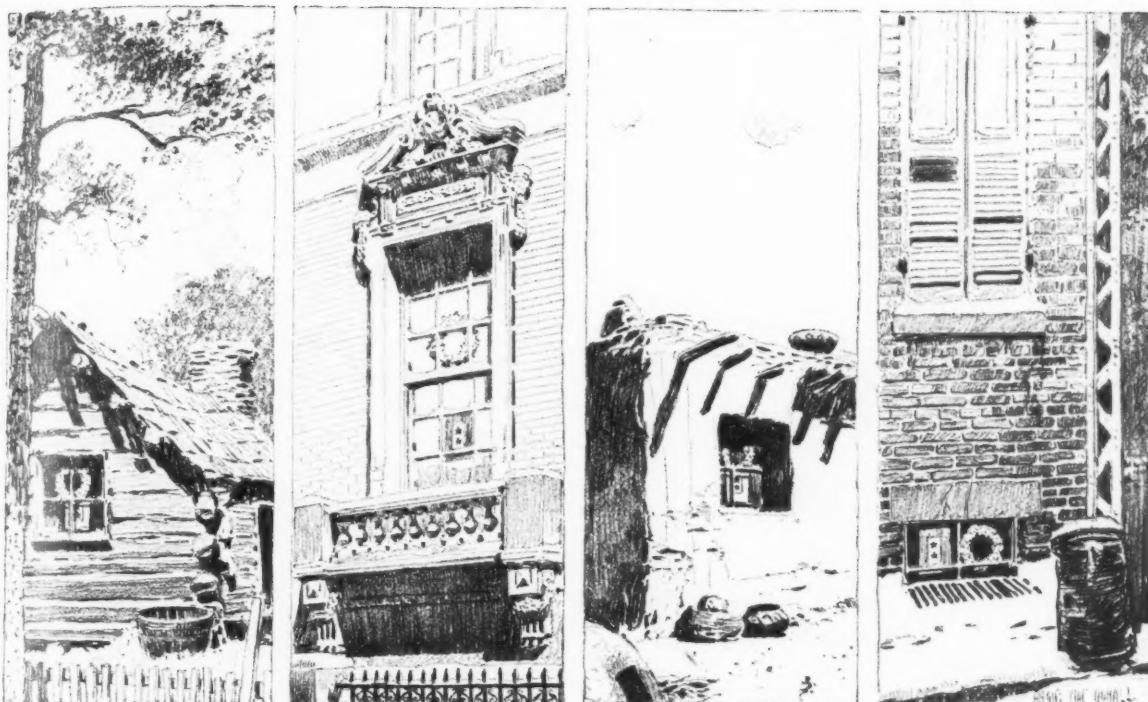
The Nurse was an angel that dispensed peace and a holy calm.

The Cook was the archangel that kept them all together.

The War was a revelation, calling for revised estimates in all cases, excepting only the Baby.

**L**OUISE: Chollie has broken off three engagements to be married.

**JULIA:** As a boy he'd ring a bell and then run away.



CHRISTMAS WINDOWS

### Polish Pogrom Stories

**D**O not believe the stories of Jewish "pogroms" in Poland that you read in the papers.

One hears that they are Bolshevik and German propaganda.

The reason why there are about five million Jews in Poland (fourteen per cent. of the population) is that Poland was more hospitable to Jews than other countries, and let them in when other countries threw them out.

If you ask what motive Polish Bolsheviks would have for circulating false "pogrom" stories and aiding the German propaganda, and inquire

whether the Polish Jews prefer German government, you may be told, No, but that the Polish Bolsheviks, who are Jews, prefer, of course, a weak government to a strong one, because under a weak government they can better exploit the country.

Possibly the papers that have been hospitable to pogrom stories, and very loath until lately to print denials of them, will not admit that this story of the preference of Polish Bolsheviks for a weak government in Poland is true.

One would like to know just how much truth there is in it. But then there are a lot of things one would like to know, and among them, what

proportion of the Bolsheviks in all the world are Jews.

The proportion seems to be very large. All Jews are not Bolsheviks, but a strong impression obtains that very nearly all Bolsheviks are Jews, and that the nerve and leadership of the whole Bolshevik movement is Jewish.

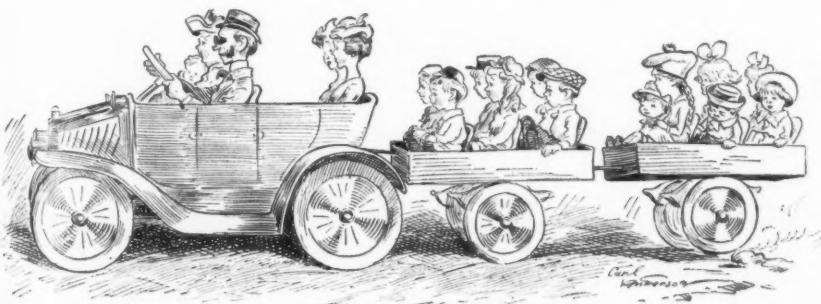
That, if true, is very curious, and very interesting.

### The New Democracy

**D**ID you enjoy your walk with Jimmie, Ethel?"

"Hardly. He couldn't pass an excavation without telling the workmen how they dug in in France, and once when he saw a team stuck in the mud he insisted on helping the driver talk to the horses."

**D**ON'T marry a man with only one fault. It is all he has to go on. By subtle processes of development it becomes his Only Failing, his Great Peculiarity, his Strong Individuality. By the time it gets that far it is almost a halo, and together with his Irreproachable Character it makes a dazzling ensemble, beside which the "common garden" variety of mere human woman is verily dust.



HOW MR. SMITH MANAGES TO KEEP UP WITH THE INCREASE IN HIS FAMILY



GABRIELLE SABATER,  
BABY 2783



MADELEINE ECHENOZ,  
BABY 1131



CHARLOTTE BARREYRE,  
BABY 2891



SIMONE WORRÉ,  
BABY 2756



RENÉE RENOULT,  
BABY 3061

## The Babies Still Need Us



RENÉE BROUSSOLE,  
BABY 2629

PRAISES be! the war is over, but the signing of an armistice and the making of a treaty of peace cannot in a day remove from France the wounds inflicted through four years of Hun cruelty.

To be orphaned is a lasting bereavement. LIFE's readers have done, and are doing, much to alleviate the first needs of these little victims of the war and to preserve them for the future uses—peaceful ones, let us hope—of their splendid country. That they have helped to counteract the work of the Hun to the extent of saving for France more than thirty-five hundred future citizens must always be a grateful remembrance to LIFE's readers. But the end is not yet.

There are still thousands of war orphans in France whose mothers are striving bravely to rear them, as one of them writes to us, "in health and honestly." To help them and their little ones LIFE's work still goes on.

LIFE has received, in all, \$292,644.78, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,616,337.25 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

R. M. R., Searsport, Me., for Baby No. 3445.....	\$73
"Name Withheld," San Diego, Cal., for Baby No. 3446.....	73
Ralph Van Vechten, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 3450.....	73
Miss Alma E. Jackson and Mrs. R. L. Chase, New York City, for Baby No. 3451.....	73
Mrs. F. C. Cadwallader, Manila, P. I., for Baby No. 3454.....	73
Bernice Walkley, New Haven, Conn., for Baby No. 3457.....	73
American Fire Fighters' Fund, collected through the <i>Fireman's Herald</i> , New York City, for Baby No. 3458.....	73
In memory of Charles B. Lovatt, Cynwyd, Pa., for Baby No. 3460 .....	73

"Virginia Friend," for Baby No. 3461..... 73  
Katherine, Elizabeth, Anne and Jane Mitchell, Parsippany, N. J., for Baby No. 3462..... 73  
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Kinney and Enid Kinney, San Jose, Cal., for Babies Nos. 3463, 3464 and 3465..... 219

RENEWALS: Mrs. C. Laurette Newman, Washington, D. C., \$73; Virginia Frances Danson, Anna Allen Danson and Edward Bridge Danson, Jr., Glendale, Ohio, \$73; Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Gooch, Jr., Roanoke, Va., \$73; Ambrose and Gillia Ann Hemingway, Casper, Wyo., \$36.50; In memory of Constance de La Cour Irvin, Baltimore, Md., \$73; Frances Ryan, Chicago, Ill., \$73; C. H. H., Inglewood, Cal., \$292; C. S. R., New York City, \$73; A Friend, Wheeling, W. Va., \$73; In memory of Willie Flower Glover, Los Angeles, Cal., \$63; Mrs. James W. McCrosky, Washington, D. C., \$36.50; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sporborg, Syracuse, N. Y., \$73; Martha Skinner, Holyoke, Mass., \$73; William Stickney, Rutland, Vt., \$73; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O. Gregg, \$36.50; Myra Upton Elms, Montclair, N. J., \$73; Mrs. Stella R. Whitaker, N. Price Whitaker and Malcolm and Katherine Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va., \$219; George B. Hopkins, New York City, \$36.50.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Harry Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; Herbert D. Foster, Hanover, N. H., \$20; Maurice W. Williams, New York City, \$36.50; In memory of Lieut. T. J. O'Connor, \$8; "Thanksgiving, Columbia, S. C." \$36.50; Harry D. Breen, Iowa City, Ia., \$10; Mrs. Paul Bloomhardt and Miss Ruth Dean, Williamsburg, Pa., \$18; Ina Blue, Izetta Shales and Florence Sweetwood, Flint, Mich., \$6; Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; "Anonymous," Philadelphia, Pa., \$6; The ladies of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Appleton, Wis., \$6.10; The John Childs School, Marshalltown, Iowa, \$36.50; Mrs. Joseph Scott, Spokane, Wash., \$23; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; In memory of Hazel Jane Rupert, Pelham, N. Y., \$10; D. M. L., Philadelphia, Pa., \$6; W. E. Sheehan, Cripple Creek, Colo., \$10; Mrs. Warren Hedden, New York City, \$10; Pauline Kraemer and Frieda Heidecker, New York City, \$10; Lizette Ward, Washington, D. C., \$2; Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$3; Mrs. J. W. Moore, Ahoskie, N. C., \$10.

### BABY NUMBER 3424

Already acknowledged .....	\$47.62
Sunday School Class of the Congregational Church of Berlin, Wis., through Mrs. Charles W. Hitchcock.....	2
C. J. McCoy, Washington, Ohio	2
Mrs. A. C. Goeth, Austin, Texas .....	5
Elizabeth Brace Morgan, Brookline, Mass. ....	16.38

\$73

### BABY NUMBER 3455

Elizabeth Brace Morgan, Brookline, Mass. ....	\$8.62
Collected from residents of St. Joseph, La., by Miss Marion T. Curry .....	30.14
Edith E. Chilver, San Diego, Cal. ....	2

\$40.76



HENRIETTE GRIEL,  
BABY 3064



*The Conscientious Objector: I suppose we ought to give this new place of mine a name?  
The Real Estate Agent: Why not call it "No Man's Land"?*

## BABY NUMBER 4000

Private J. H. S., A. E. F., France..... \$3.70

## MORE MONEY FOR THE CHRISTMAS FUND

LIFE wouldn't have started its Christmas Fund so early if France wasn't so far away. The result is that the Fund was completed last week, but, in spite of that, tardy but generous-hearted contributors are still sending in their help for the war orphans' Christmas. The surplus will go either to provide gifts for next Christmas or to aid orphans whose need is still great. The final disposition will depend on advices we shall receive from the Society in Paris. In any case, contributors may be sure that their gifts will add to the joy or relieve the misery of a French child orphaned by the war. LIFE is happy to acknowledge the receipt for this purpose from

Katharine Briscoe Knox, Prince Frederick, Md.....  
Mrs. J. B. R., Pasadena, Cal.....  
Leta Mecartney, Alameda, Cal.....  
L. T., Norfolk, Va.....  
W. A. G., Clinton, N. Y.....  
H. S. Lacy, Sulphur, Texas.....  
Jimmie June, Washington, D. C.....  
Master Marvin Chadbourn Schurman, Cincinnati, Ohio.....  
Betty Bohanan, Ruth Bohanan, Susette Fraze, Katherine  
Haley, Virginia Ball, Helen MacGregor, Jean Gall and  
Helen Baldwin, Duluth, Minn.....  
Elizabeth K. Gibbs, Philadelphia, Pa.....  
Virginia Frances Danson, Anne Allen Danson and Edward  
Bridge Danson, Jr., Glendale, Ohio.....  
"Name Withheld," San Diego, Cal.....  
In memory of Lieut. T. J. O'Connor.....  
Thanksgiving, Columbia, S. C.....  
John G. Frazer, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.....

Mrs. J. Stair, Jr., Yorktown, Va.....	3.37
Mrs. John Uri Lloyd, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	10
Mrs. A. B. Riggs, Battle Creek, Mich.....	2
Sarah J. Russell, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.....	5
Ellen R. Haughton, Northampton, Mass.....	10
In memory of Little Boy Blue, Bremerton, Wash.....	2
Mrs. A. H. Tuttle, Sheffield, Mass.....	25
Douglass and Alice Smith, Bainbridge, N. Y.....	5
H. E. H., Halifax, N. S.....	10
Geo. H. Caulfield, McGregor, Texas.....	5
Mildred Collins, Long Beach, Cal.....	1
Mrs. E. C. Wright, Newark, Ohio.....	20
Bertha M. Reed, Worcester, Mass.....	15
Mrs. C. W. Shields, Durham, N. C.....	2
A. G., Plainfield, N. J.....	5
J. E. McGowan, Steubenville, Ohio.....	5
Harter Wright, Elk Hill, Va.....	2.50
Lieut. and Mrs. W. G. Heiner, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	20
John Hartley, U. S. S. Michigan.....	2
Betty, New Haven, Conn.....	1
Helen I. Davis, Ann Arbor, Mich.....	1
Miss Lillian P. Fiske, Brookline, Mass.....	2
Middletown Chapter of American Red Cross, Middletown, Ohio.....	175
James R. Schnell, Portland, Ore.....	2.50
Mrs. N. P. Nelson, Muskegon Woman's Club, Muskegon, Mich.....	2
D. H. Burgess, Petersburg, Va.....	.5
C. S. R., New York City.....	27
Lillian Mark Byrom, Mercersburg, Pa.....	2.50
Mrs. Gordon R. Campbell, Laurium, Mich.....	30
I. L. S., Cumberland, Md.....	1
Elizabeth Brace Morgan, Brookline, Mass.....	5
D. M. L., Philadelphia, Pa.....	20
A Sunday School Class of South Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Mass.....	5
I. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1
"1861," Grand Rapids, Mich.....	1
Mrs. J. H. Shawhan, Payette, Idaho.....	3
Edith E. Chilver, San Diego, Cal.....	3
Mrs. J. B. M., East Liverpool, Ohio.....	3
H. R. Sloan, Kimball, Alberta, Ontario.....	2
Already acknowledged.....	5372.76
	\$5870.03



OYSTER BAY

*Salute*

A NOTHER song for the brave old Flag,  
As full-staff-high it flies,  
Whether a shot-torn, smoke-grimmed rag  
Or bright as the wintry skies.  
We watch from the ships as the trans-  
port ships  
Come plumping through the foam,  
And mothers and dads hail the glori-  
ous lads  
That bring the old Flag home.

They bore it away in the morn's dim light  
With never a good-bye cheer,  
For they stole to sea like a thief in the night  
Lest the Hun of their course should hear,  
But now in the breeze o'er the ran-  
somed seas  
The proud ships make their track,  
And the sirens sing and the great bells ring  
As they bring the old Flag back.

There are stripes more red where our heroes bled;  
Their memory gilds the stars;  
But thanks we give for the lads that live,  
For the "doughboys" and the tars,  
Oh, let them brag of their well-served Flag  
Wherever their glad feet roam!  
And let none be mute in the high salute  
As they bring "Old Glory" home.

*Edward A. Church.*



SHE'D DO IT IF SHE COULD

### Some Kisses a Hero Never Forgets

THE kiss from the fraternal French general who pinned on the medal.

The kiss an old French woman gave him when they recaptured the town from the Huns.

The kiss a saucy French miss gave him as she passed.

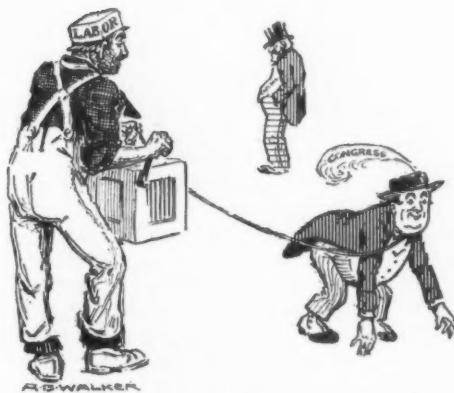
The motherly kiss a Red Cross nurse gave him when he was wounded.

The parting kiss he waved to France as he stood on the home-coming steamer.

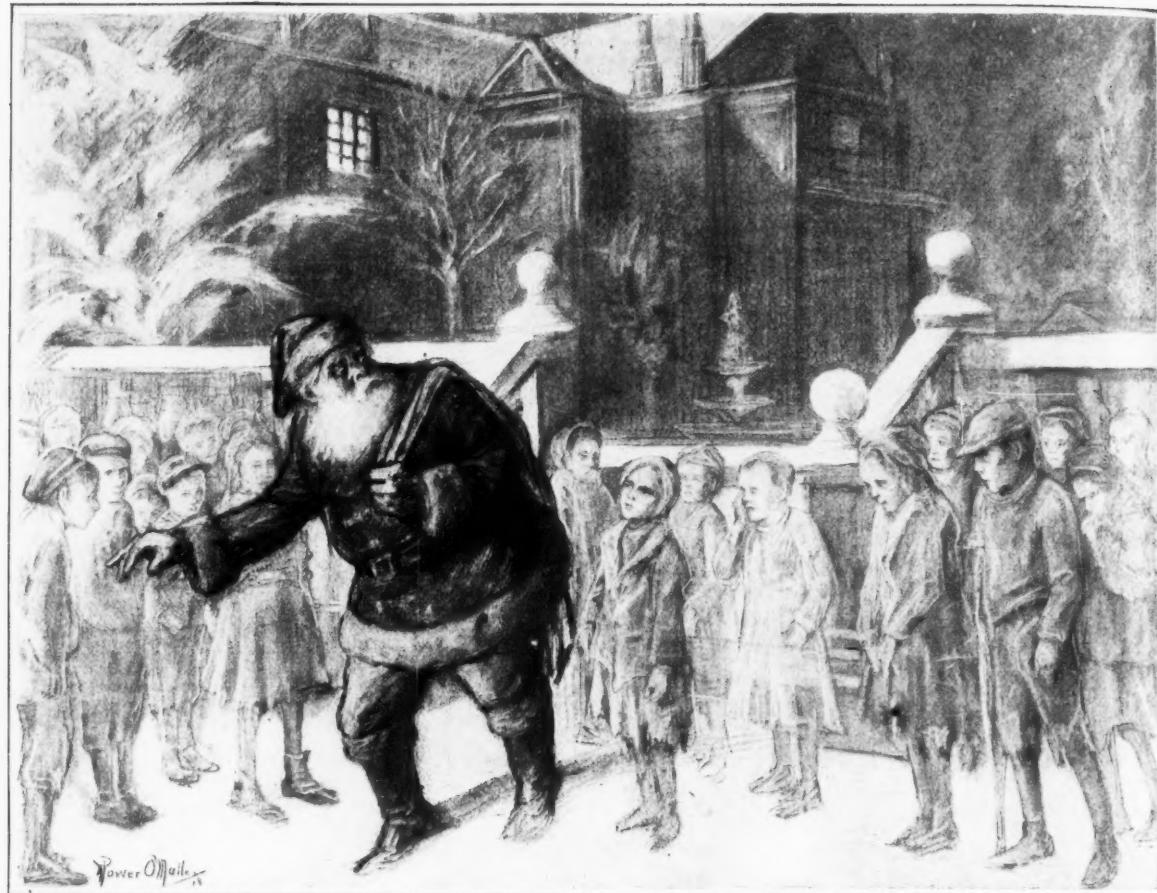
The exuberant kiss he threw to the Statue of Liberty.

The kiss from the girl he left behind.

His mother's kiss.



HIS REAL MASTER



THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR  
WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

### Girls on the Job

**G**IRLS everywhere now! They sell you tickets at the railroad station, and take your fare on the street cars, and weed the garden if you have one, and drive motor cars more than ever, and so on and on in numberless accustomed and unaccustomed employments.

And in the main they do mighty well, and make you wonder what all the young men will turn to when they get back from the war.

Probably they will turn to these girls of the industrial army among others, and marry a lot of them, jobs and all, and if that happens extensively it will lead to some new adjustment of the woman-with-job to matrimony. But, anyhow, the industrial girls will marry all the more because they have some-

thing to marry on, and a lot of them will have to marry veterans, because they will be the likeliest young men in sight.

My word! What transmogrifications the war has brought to pass!

### Speaking of Easy Money—

**H**ILLS (*shaking his head over the financial page*): My, my! I'm afraid the nation can never bring its revenue up to its outgo again.

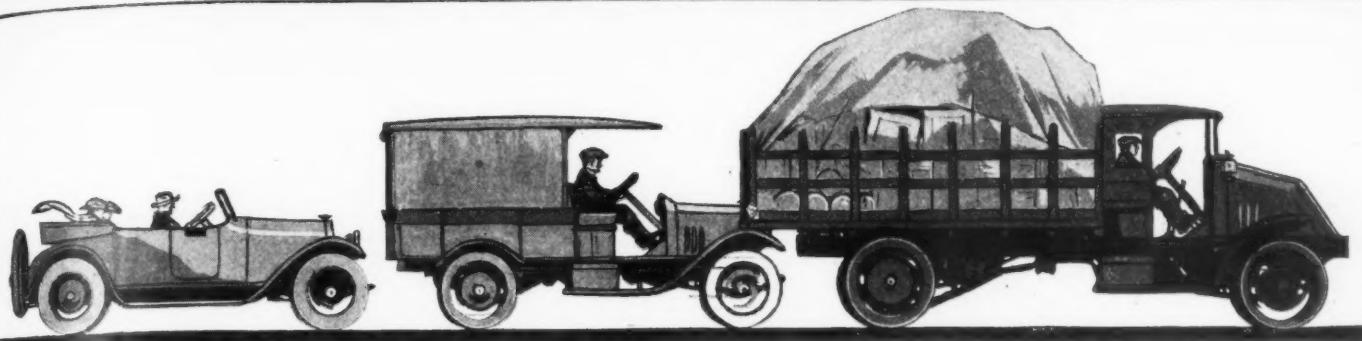
**B**ILLS (*gritting his teeth over the contribution just left by the postman*): That's easily done. Just let Burleson charge demurrage on the delayed letters!

**H**E comes from a good family, doesn't he?"

"But he's been such a long time coming."



"OW! MA! I SAT ON THE SPANKIN' YOU GAVE ME!"



# If We Had to Go Back to It

Suppose we had to go back to the horse!

Suppose at the stroke of midnight every motor car in the United States was put out of commission!

Can you picture what would happen next morning?

What would the doctor, the lawyer, the office employee, the merchant, the farmer, the skilled workman do without this time-saving vehicle that was once termed a *luxury*?

The motor-car has become the car of the workers—it conserves time and energy, it extends the owner's sphere of usefulness—it is a more and more essential factor in transportation.

For that very reason, sound construction and reasonable cost of maintenance have been of increasing interest to car-owners.

Buyers differ in opinion as to body-lines, seating capacity, number of cylinders and so on, but all demand performance.

From the beginning of the industry to the

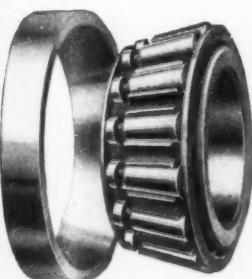
present day, the service of Timken Bearings in standing up to their own job and in also safeguarding the important power transmitting units from the effects of unnecessary wear, has been more and more widely recognized.

In spite of any limitations of motor-car output there are this year more cars in use with Timken Bearings than ever before.

And not only are there more cars—and more makes of cars—so equipped, but the average number of places where each maker uses the bearings has increased also.

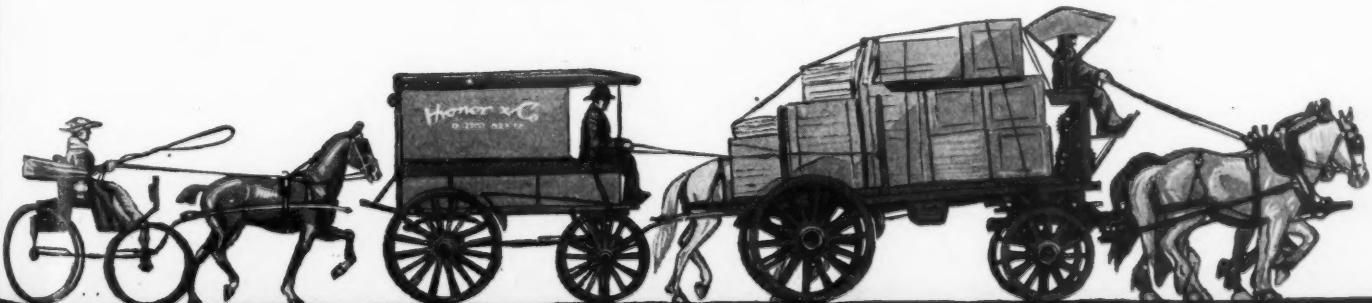
Write for "The Companies Timken Keeps" and learn who uses Timkens and why.

 THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY  
Canton, Ohio 



# TIMKEN BEARINGS

FOR MOTOR CAR, TRUCK & TRACTOR





### Something New

She was not very young, but she had money.

"Dearest—" he began, but she stopped him.

"I anticipate what you are about to say, Mr. Sampson," she said, "and I would spare your feelings, for it can never, never be. I esteem you highly, and will be a sister to—"

"I have four sisters already," he replied bitterly, "four grown sisters, and life is a hideous burden. But, oh! Clare," he went on, passionately, "if you cannot be my wife will you not give me a mother's protective love? I am an orphan."—*New York Globe*.

HE: Of course there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist.

SHE: Is there, really?

HE: Yes; a botanist is one who knows all about flowers, and a florist is one who knows all about the price people will pay for them.—*Roller Monthly*.



MY WORLD IS RIGHT AGAIN

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"I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months."

"Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that."

—*Boston Transcript*.



### REAL COMFORT

Comfort of guests is the primary consideration at The Hollenden. Delightful parlors, inviting cozy corners, and a definite refinement in appointments lend the congenial informal atmosphere of a private club.

#### European Plan with Bath:

For One Person, \$2 to \$5. Suites at various prices.  
For Two Persons, \$3 to \$6.  
With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6. 800 Rooms.



### Business First

"Has you made all arrangements for your marriage, Mandy?"

"Well, not quite all, Dinah. I've got to buy a trooso, an' rent a house, an' get mah husband a job, an' buy him a good suit o' close, an' get some reg'lar washin' work to do. An' when them's done I kin name de happy day."

—*People's Home Journal*.

### Great Expectations

HE (to taxi driver): Hey, you! You haven't given me enough change!

DRIVER: Well, you can't expect to hire a taxi, a driver and an expert accountant all for a quarter!—*Burr*.

### Disappointing Papa

MISS PRITTIKID: But, father, he is a man you can trust.

HER PA: Gracious, girl! What I want is one I can borrow from.

—*Indianapolis Star*.

"I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months."

"Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that."

—*Boston Transcript*.



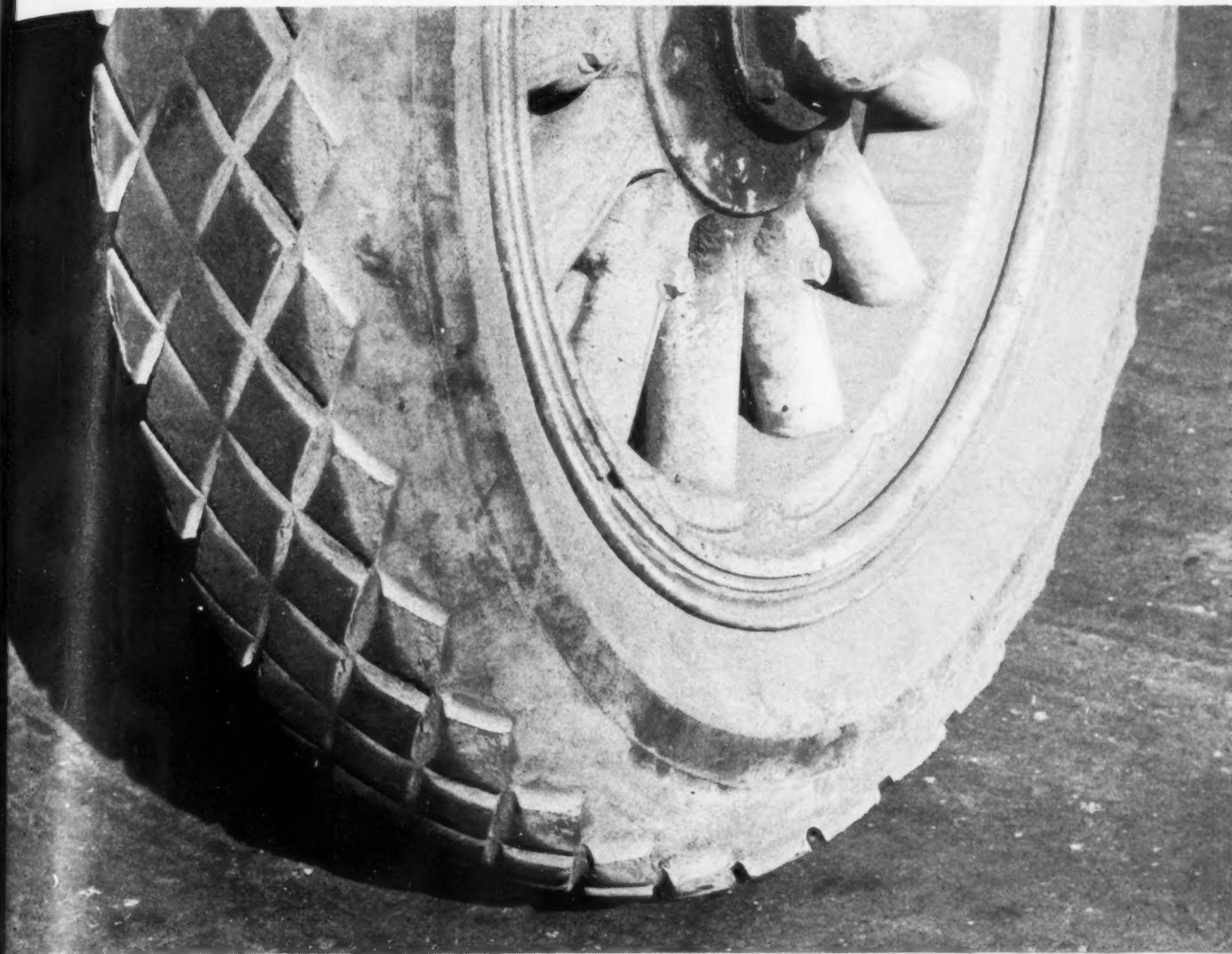
Donchester

# ARROW Evening SHIRTS

THE bosom is hinged to the body of the shirt; it gives but never creases, bulges, or rises up out of the waistcoat; smart, comfortable, good fitting and very highly tailored.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers

Troy, New York



**"We have adopted Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires for our work because they supply the requisite speed and stamina, at the same time greatly reducing truck repairs. As a matter of fact, they make hard work easy."**—Mr. Clay Uriel, of Clay Uriel Auto Delivery Service, Toledo, Ohio.

THIS statement sums up the results of a test of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires begun on August 1, 1917, by Mr. Uriel who is the distributor of the Toledo News-Bee.

He found that a change-over from solid tires to Goodyear Cords enabled a 1-ton truck to make quicker deliveries to newsdealers. He also noted appreciable

reductions in fuel and oil expense. In addition, repair bills had been practically eliminated.

Further, this Goodyear-Cord-equipped truck ran *on schedule* during last winter's heavy snows which tied up solid-tired trucks.

At the time the photograph above was taken all four Goodyear Pneumatics

had gone 13,650 miles and appeared capable of much more service.

Consequently, by reason of ability *plus* stamina, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have made improvements possible in this newspaper delivery work just as they have pioneered betterments in many other kinds of hauling.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

**GOOD**  **YEAR**  
AKRON

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### A Peaceful Remark

The mental ages of man are about three: First, when he does not think (sometimes terminated by graduation); second, when he thinks fairly exclusively of himself (sometimes terminated by marriage); and third, when he thinks chiefly of his family (terminated by whatever ends his worries).

—*Collier's Weekly.*

### Of Course She Got It

MAID (*about to leave*): Might I ask for a recommendation, ma'am?

MISTRESS: But, Mary, what could I truthfully say that would help you get another place?

MAID: Just say that I know many of your family secrets, ma'am.

—*Boston Transcript.*

**In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

### The World Attitude

"German statesmen say—"

"I would not believe a Hun," interrupted J. Fuller Gloom, "even if I knew he was telling the truth."

—*Kansas City Star.*

"WHAT does she say?"

"Says her face is her fortune."

"Now I understand what they mean by involuntary bankruptcy."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



### Not A Gray Hair!

No gray streaks and unruly silver threads disfigure the hair of any woman who once learns of this wonderful color restorer.

You apply it yourself—simply comb it through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days the gray disappears.

### Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Not crude dye, but a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing, curling and dressing the usual way. Write for the trial bottle and special comb, giving the exact color of the hair. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**

1017 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.  
(193) Established 50 Years

**Trial Bottle—FREE**

**Evans's Depilatory removes hair**

Would it please you to have an easy, quick way of removing superfluous hair from the underarm, arms or face? Then use the excellent Evans's Depilatory Outfit. You simply mix some of the powder with water, apply, leave on a little while and then wash off the powder and the hair with it.

The Outfit is complete and costs but 75 cents at your drug- or department-store—be sure it is "Evans's"—or order from us by mail, post paid, if you prefer.

**George B. Evans**  
1108 Chestnut Street Philadelphia  
Also makers of "Mum"

### Their Own Little Joke

OLD LADY (*to severely wounded soldier*): Poor man, have you lost your leg?

TOMMY: Yes, mum.

OLD LADY: Oh, poor fellow! Do have an apple!

TOMMY (*to his chum, when the old lady had departed*): Bill, I think I'll have my other leg off before she comes next week. I might get a banana.

—*Tit-Bits.*

### Irish, Both

AGED CRIMINAL (*who has just got a life sentence*): Oh, yer honor, I shall never live to do it.

JUDGE (*soothingly*): Never mind! Do as much of it as you can.

—*Boston Transcript.*



*She (newly engaged): OH, JOHN, THINK OF THE GREAT BATTLES OF LIFE—THE GREAT OBSTACLES THAT MUST BE THRUST ASIDE WHEN YOU STRIVE TO RISE!*

### Food for the Gods

"But, my dear," said his wife, after he had complained about the food the new cook had brought in, "you know, during these terrible times, it is absolutely necessary that we make great sacrifices."

"Oh, of course, but what I object to is that cook's making hers in the form of a burnt offering." —*Royal Magazine.*

"WILLIAM," cried the astonished lady, "what on earth are you doing standing before the mirror making those dreadful faces?"

"Well, my dear," replied her husband, "I am to receive a presentation at our club meeting to-night, and as I am not supposed to know anything about it, I'm practising a look of intense surprise!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

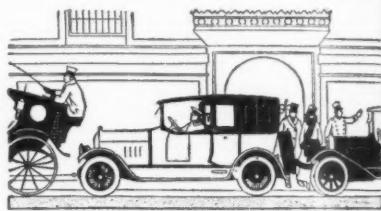
GENTLY the girl leaned toward him with an arch expression of inquiry.

"How many lumps?" she asked.

"Forty," he said.

And she wrote down his coal order for the coming winter.—*Evening Mail.*

**WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN** is not so unhappy as he is supposed to be. On account of the war, his regular copy of *LIFE* has not reached him for four years, and he now has the pleasure of perusing all the back numbers for that period.



### The BILTMORE

Where the social life of New York centers by day and evening



CLOSE TO ALL THEATRES AND SHOPS

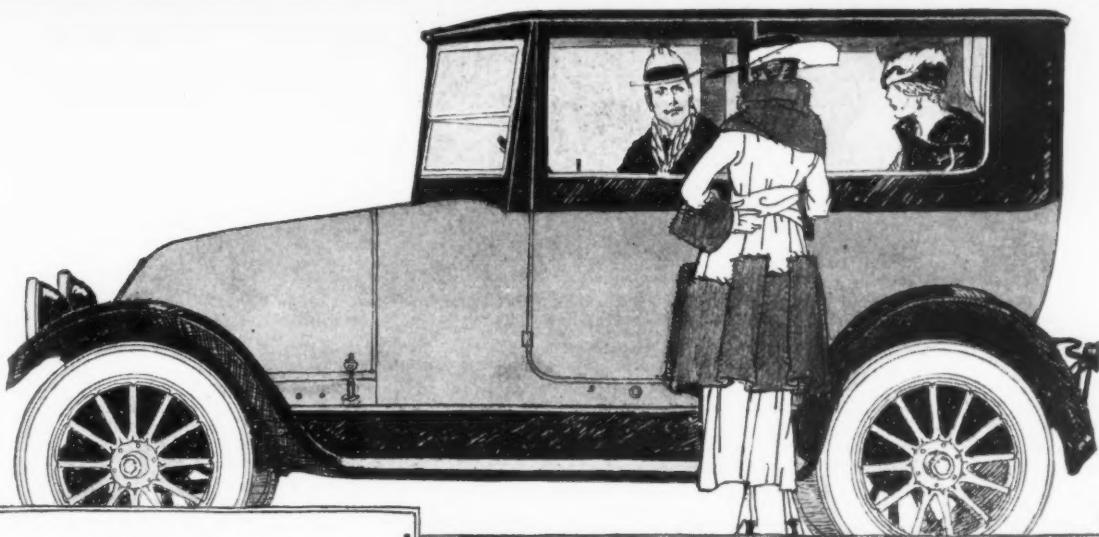
### BACHIA'S HAVAN CIGARS

PRONOUNCED BAY-SHA  
The Standard brand of uniform quality

32 sizes 10¢ to 30¢ each



At all Clubs, Hotels and Dealers in genuinely fine cigars  
BACHIA & Co. N.Y.  
Ask for Bachia's and get the best



Franklin Light Weight and Air Cooling add to Franklin fineness a day-by-day delivery to the owners of—

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline  
—instead of 10

10,000 miles to the set of tires  
—instead of 5,000

50% slower depreciation than  
any other fine car.

## There Are Hard Days Ahead For the Wasteful Motor Car

**T**O DAY when you are considering a motor car, you have something more definite in mind than a year ago, because your standard is bound to be different than it was then. You are buying a car to ride in—as much as you require—but you are naturally more exacting as to costs, comfort, and staying qualities of the car.

Everybody recognizes the fact that the performance of motor cars in general is unchanged. And the live question now is which car will give you a *full measure* of usefulness—and still stick to the new standard of *keeping down waste*.

Cars that insisted upon bulky, wasteful, rigid weight before the war now find themselves out of line with the trend of public thought and unable to change for months to come on account of the material situation. And with the people frowning upon waste, there will be hard days ahead for the wasteful motor car.

It's all summed up in the old question of unnecessary motor car weight and rigid construction. Unnecessary weight means unnecessary expense to move it—more fuel; and, combined with rigidity, it gives tires no chance to wear out—they are pounded out long before they should be.

The Franklin Car, on the other hand, anticipated these requirements sixteen years ago. It has always been built on the principle of utility, cutting out all excessive weight at the outset, and relying on flexibility instead of rigidity, and now, without change, it meets your need and desire for a car to use—a car to ride in with the utmost safety, comfort and reliability at the least expense.

The fineness of the product is best indicated by the facts of Franklin performance in the hands of owners under all conditions.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N. Y.

*Get the habit of doing things right. This will mean greater production; less waste; increased earnings. Work for good times all the time.—W. B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor.*





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